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NEDL TRANSFER



HN 5REZ Z

THE
GREEN

GUESS
BOOK

SUSAN
HAYES
WARD

MARY
L. M^cL
WATSON

SG 4080.29

*Steal not this book for fear of shame,
For here you see the owner's name.*

To *Mrs. And Aunt Hice*

From *Mrs. Lillian & Freda*

Date *Christmas/97*

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

See
ie



The Green Guess Book



The Green Guess Book

By
Susan Hayes Ward
and
Mary L. McL. Watson

"It ain't a chore ; it's a pastime "

(K.G.)



New York
Dodd, Mead and Company
1897

SG 4080.29

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TO . THE . BEST . OF . SISTERS .

H . L . H . W . AND E . MCL . P .

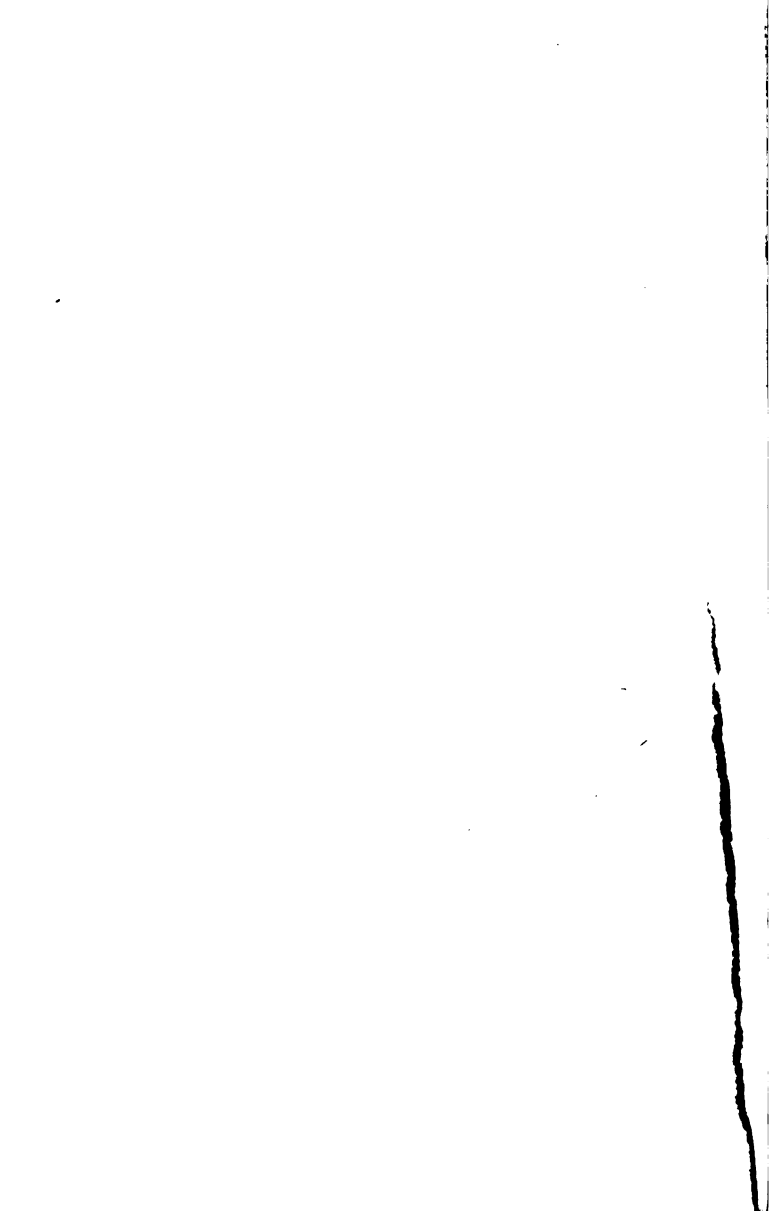
WE . FONDLY . AND . HEREBY .

DEDICATE . THIS . OUR . OPUSCULE .

•







THE SEND-OFF

BY mountain, brookside, grassy glade,
On sandy beach, by cliff or cove,
On yacht, awheel, in forest shade,
Where'er you loiter with your love ;

In deck-chair, hammock, arbour sweet,
On window bench, in leafy nook,
Where'er you make your "country seat,"
There, in sheer idlesse, take this book.

Or when the city's sultry air,
Humid and torrid, yields no breeze,
Or fleeing thence by rail, e'en there
Your glance may welcome leaves like these.

If haply our conceits beguile
Your thoughts, on burning themes that rove,
'T were cooling should they cause a "smile"
You need not cover with a clove.

*When Autumn winds begin to blow,
And Winter's chill breathes down the air,
The ingleside renews its glow,
And warms the waiting easy-chair ;*

*Then stir the fire and raise the light ;
Bask in the heat by Summer stored ;
Here's one green thing no frost can blight ;
Its whispering leaves await your word.*

*And thou, fine friend, good Bel ami,
Conned and admired and followed thus
In imitation's flattery,
O pace and peccavimus.*

The Green Guess Book

NUMBER 1.

MEN use my first for travel or for show,
Favoured above the rest who wish to go ;
The Greeks kept theirs, died for it, son and
brother ;
We yield ours lightly, — we can get another.

Not every mortal can attain my last,
Though toward it each is speeding overfast,
Hoping, the while, a happy whole to gain
Safe to the land that 's free from woe and pain.
S.

NUMBER 2.

FOR BEGINNERS.

WHO ran to trip me till I fell ?
Who put the kitten in the well ?
Who skipped when he had pulled the bell ?
My first.

What has a vine about its door
To shelter bugs and muss the floor ?
Whose pretty roof has leaks that pour ?
My last.

Who treads the humble tradesman down,
And minds the meanest tyrant's frown ?
Who harms the poor and hurts the town ?
My whole.

M.

NUMBER 3.

DIMPLED and fair your first is seen ;
Dear love, speak low, ours may be heard ;
I caught my second on the green
Wet marsh ; it 's neither beast nor bird.
“ Sweet sensibility, O ” — there,
I almost gave away my third.
My whole is best for winter wear,
When men go well bewrapped and furred.
S.

NUMBER 4.

NO gipsy thief or tramp so low
But finds my first his constant friend.
Indefinite my next, but, oh !
Two ministers did haste her end.
My third should always be made keen.
My whole within its draperies soft
May well enclose a king or queen,
On thin-clad shoulders resting oft.

M.

NUMBER 5.

I MET the other day a lad
Whose name is very, very bad ;
He bore, if I took in its gist,
The type of the Evangelist.
The sight aroused my passions worst ;
I struck, and turned it to my first.
Ah, then you should have seen my last !
Dire expletives exploded fast ;
And, surely, not a human soul
Could take my last to be my whole.

The same.

Now of my first a portion take
And give my last, for pity's sake !
A kindly deed becomes your soul ;
Perchance it may become my whole.

S.

NUMBER 6.

A MODEST flower, theme of Bavarian song,
A weapon that to women doth belong, —
These are my first, and eke a lord so high
To call a carriage for him, nobles vie.

Why should my second, valued, good and sweet,
Be miscalled savage, borne on weary feet,
Turned to a curse, a price set on his ears
Who military rank so honoured bears ?

On farm and prairie bred, my whole has come
To cleanse and keep each sweetly ordered home.
Well bound, well handled, in some fireside nook,
Adorned, perchance, you'll find it if you look.

In days of germs, invented to molest
Our every breath, bacilli that infest
The floor, the wall, the platter, and the bowl,
Blessings on him who cultivates my whole.

M.

NUMBER 7.

MY first was a failure, my first was a maid
Who lived in my second, alone, unafraid.
That my second, with not a whole yard of its
own,
Was sold by a draper in England, is known ;
And my whole, sought and captured, is year by
year hung, —
The tale of this hanging I 've often heard sung ;
But my first on my third dances light as a dove,
And receives 'neath my whole the sweet greet-
ing of love.

S.

NUMBER 8.

SEE the boatman swiftly second
Each strong stroke that seeks the land,
For my first that 's closest reckoned
Binds him to that waving hand.
E'en my whole in love, thus beckoned,
Would not linger on the strand.

M.

NUMBER 9.

JOG on, jog on the footpath first ;
My next was Spring in Virgil's day ;
The lilac-lined lone lane that erst
We knew of, owned my final's sway.
My whole, Sir Walter's great creation,
Is now a means of transportation.

S.

NUMBER 10.

MY first is an utterance of wonder or rage,
Quite closely confined, I should say, to
the stage ;

My second a fragment, a thing of small size ;

A tamer of horses my second, likewise ;

It also is money ; 't is what a man did

To see if a false piece was artfully hid.

My whole is a covering, 't is used on a horse,

And better ones last not as long as the worse.

M.

NUMBER 11.

I 'M always wet and often cold ;
I fall and cannot rise ;
I guide, but me you first must hold ;
Hidden, in plural guise,
In human form, God doth behold,
And me He surely tries.
With kings and queens my days are passed.
Call me but " dear," I run :
And good Queen Vic, who holds me fast
Must yield me to her son.
In Folly's hands how brief my day !
But joined with Peace, I last for aye.
I 'm born on Coronation day.

S.

NUMBER 12.

MY first has a martial, warlike sound,
Yet it's sometimes pleasant to have
around ;

There's many a first comes in from the sea,
Laden with gifts for the inland lea.

In the life of letters, success who would win,
At the gate of my second must enter in.

With first and second a poet began

To sing of firsts, and a pious man.

My third is both weed and remedy found ;

My fourth is endless, 't is always around, —

At least, when you utter surprise or pain ;

'T is good for nothing, yet multiplies gain.

My whole is a queer thing that digs in the
ground ;

It lives in a shell ; like a ball it is round.

M.

NUMBER 13.

MY first is black, and thin, and tall,
And counted great by every one ;
A single one is best for all,
But yet would suit the needs of none.
Upon the reeling deck I hear
Its cheerful double, sounding clear.

My friend, it is the common lot
My second, more or less, to do
To parents, guardians, friends, — whom not ?
Reader, I do it now to you.
But still, if Scripture precepts hold,
Never to do it, we are told.

My whole, a cry of very bliss,
Loved by a god, divinely fair,
Paid in base change for love's sweet kiss ;
Cowed, stung and drenched, she wandered
there.

To-day, alas ! my whole I view
Followed all round the world by you.

S.

NUMBER 14.

MY first, a scornèd friend of man ;
My second, though his foe,
He rears and cradles all he can,
And loves to see it grow.
Though woman hates its products, oft
Beheld with righteous ire,
She needs it most, and warm and soft
She sets it at her fire.
My whole is yellow, toothsome, fine,
The Indian loves its pungent flavour ;
For outward use it gives a shine ;
Like kissing, too, it goes by favour.

M.

NUMBER 15.

MY first a quantity unknown ;
My last in every shop is made ;
My whole, with statutes of its own,
Is indispensable in trade.

S.

NUMBER 16.

I AM the hearty sign of love,
And I the unfriendly touch of strife ;
By me the gourmand doth approve,
In me the sailor risks his life.
Incongruous though my nature may appear,
Once try me, and you 'll find me ever dear.

M.

NUMBER 17.

IN ancient days I was a goat,
But now, alas ! I 'm in a pickle,
A tender bud, from lands remote,
Yet sharp enough your taste to tickle.
With best of meats men serve me gladly,
Though little children cut me sadly.

S.

NUMBER 18.

MY first, in modest sphere and small,
Embodies science, healing, ease ;
Yet if a groom would give a ball
My first must be there, if you please.

My second names two brothers famed
In childhood's realm for fairy lore,
Where never was an ogre named
But second was the face he bore.

My whole o'er many seas and lands
Has journeyed far to reach his goal ;
Has laid his bones in Syria's sands ;
Has left his zeal to inspire our souls.

M.

NUMBER 19.

THERE were gentlemen of England and yeomen in the fray,
And the bowmen drew their arrows to my first ;
They were every one my second ; though their leader, you may say,
Was my whole, our Kaiser Wilhelm is the worst.

S.

NUMBER 20.

I 'M named for love of a little child ;
My first gives rest, my second is mild ;
My whole is restless and noisy and wild.

M.

NUMBER 21.

HOW like a cloud the shallop floats !
Safe in my arms I shield the boats ;
I rule a nation in my might ;
My voice affronts the moon by night ;
In my recess young love grows bold
To tell the tale that 's never old ;
I 'm buried though I am not dead ;
I lead the hunt ; in hue dull red
I walk or run to suit your mood ;
I grace the goal ; with spirits good
I soothe your pain ; and yet your foe
You 'd fain keep at me ; with an O
The good wife gladly joineth me,
But mothers love me with a B.

S.

NUMBER 22.

MY first a famous goldsmith stamped as
"wandering,"

And to a lazy mate forthwith he tied it ;
'Tis still just where he left it, and at laundering
The neighbour women with success have tried
it.

I saw their faithful backs all doubled over,
The scorching sun fell full upon them toiling ;
The rudest second were a blessed cover,
But custom is my whole, so still they're
broiling.

M.

NUMBER 23.

MY first, a song ; and Bid dy, too,
My first is sure in time to do.
My busy second well may teach
Thrift to my third within its reach.
My second with my third I see
Keeping a coster ¹ company ;
My whole, a sound you need not clip ;
Listen ! it lingers on the lip.

S.

¹ New York local.

New York & Col. C. C.

NUMBER 24.

MY varying first is a name for a man,
And also a tint and a noise.
My second is man, and my whole is man ;
But certain I am that you may and you can
Apply it to women and boys.

M.

NUMBER 25.

A REBEL my first,
A rebel accurst ;
And rebels my second have made ;
My whole you will find,
With no strain to your mind,
In the words of this very charade.

S.

NUMBER 26.

A VALENTINE, (*orthographic*.)

To a certain Miss —— ?

DEAREST girl, whose strident name
 Ill befits thy dainty grace,
When my heart would own its flame,
 Kindled by thy lovely face,
Love's blind god so plagues my sight
 That thy name in twain seems cleft ;
Joy shines radiant on the right,
 Grief stands hideous on the left.

'Twixt them yawns a deep abyss —
 (None too deep to hold my fears),
Gulf that lies between the bliss
 And the blight of coming years.
By this feast day's tender vogue,
 Bold am I to claim thee mine ;
Let the saint outwit the rogue —
 Cupid yield to Valentine.

Left ! Ah, do not let it be,
When to right I do aspire.
First, I do not ask of thee ;
Second fills my heart's desire.
Sweet my love, no letters twain
Spell the word will heal my heart ;
Holiest three for lover's pain,
Fill thy dear name's second part.

Of thy patronymic loud
Three-fifths only do I claim !
In return, my love is vowed,
All my life and all my name.
Let thy pure eyes read my heart ;
With thy gentle hand in mine,
Breathe thy dear name's dearest part ;
Be my saint — my Valentine.

M.

NUMBER 27.

MY first I mislike in the eye,
But count it for much in the play.
My second you well may descry
Standing first, as it has done for aye.
My third may be held as a snare ;
And once, at a masterful word,
After vigils of labour and care,
A toiler first, second, and third.
But listen, that musical tinkle I hear —
'T is my whole, 't is my whole, in the hand of my
dear.

S.

NUMBER 28.

MY first is black, and has good cause to utter
A sound which seems like neither moan
nor mutter ;

My second is no worm, yet dwells down under
The earth ; my third and fourth consumes. No
wonder

My whole 's a hard case, black or bright or dingy,
Meting my seconds with a measure stingy.

M.

NUMBER 29.

WHAT IS IT?

IT has head and mouth, but no eyes ; arms, but no hands ; and it lies in bed without a back. It rises, moves, falls, springs, runs, and even rushes without feet ; and roars and laps without a tongue.

It can sweep, but not dust, wash but not iron, and it usually makes its own bed.

Though it may foam at the mouth, it never bites.

It is long, but not tall ; wide ; but not thick ; and it may be both deep and high. Though its sides are clothed, except in the coldest weather it wears nothing but a veil or wreath upon its bosom.

It will not stay at the mountains, but prefers to go to the sea-side, and it is ready to work its own way.

Though by nature idle, it can be made to work.

It never stops to think, but its reflections by the way, though sometimes commonplace, are often beautiful, and well worth repeating and preserving.

It cannot keep still a moment, but is as restless as Time itself.

S.

NUMBER 30.

BENEATH my first in solemn state
Barons and King colloquing sate.
Good Britons, did they quaff my second,
While of my whole the terms they reckoned ?
Counsel they took too early far ;
My second came with Anna's star.

M.

NUMBER 31.

BITTER and wholesome is my first ;
My last a song of solemn sound ;
My whole, though times be at their worst,
Would buy and sell, the year around.

S.

NUMBER 32.

ANAGRAM.

THE faithful — in rhythmic order strive,
The mighty — to make and keep alive ;
While rival —, returning from the goal,
Feast on the — so sure to vex the soul
No nostrum —, the while the billows roll.

M.

NUMBER 33.

I AM a creature wild and free ;
I swim and sail and fly ;
But if my head should missing be,
Nothing but words am I.
And if my tail should be cut off,
I 'm refuse of the corn.
My tail is used in playing golf ;
It comforts women lorn.
My head can work, can fly alone,
In bonnets 't is a notion ;
And when my head and tail are gone,
I 'm still a verb of motion.

S.

NUMBER 34.

MY first and second form a harmless curse
We hear from aged Britons on the stage ;
The same has power to impoverish, and, worse,
To cleave in twain the object of its rage.

My third is such a cabalistic word
That, uttered in whatever land or tongue,
Swift outcry of response would sure be heard
From men both high and low, both old and
young.

My whole is covered with a simple thatch,
'T is rustic quite without, and smooth within,
Yet shelters spirits bold and bad, to hatch
All evil thoughts, and deeds of wrong and sin.

M.

NUMBER 35.

MY first is very soft and warm ;
My second swift, direct, and bright ;
My third, — I 'll do it now, 't won't harm,
Unless you guess my name aright.
My whole, wise, great and good beside,
By his own hand, a martyr, died.

S.

NUMBER 36.

MY first, a split ;
Next, little but fit ;
Whole, sure to hit.

M.

NUMBER 37.

MY first commands, but gently bids,
As 't were a hand that beckoned ;
And when we were but little kids,
My father was my second.

My last is sometimes made of wood ;
My boy's is sometimes rent ;
And yours and mine, dear reader, should
Be very often bent.

One, of my goodly whole the star,
Was hidden to her dole ;
They sought her vainly, sought her far ;
And two are called my whole.

S.

NUMBER 38.

THOUGH black as the ace of spades to view,
I am merry as any grig ;
I, first, am the bone and the sinew too
Of the crew of a Swampscott brig.

Among strange folk in a foreign town,
I am neither proud nor shy ;
When my second is full, I pay cash down ;
When it's empty, I say good-bye ;

And I skip to the dock and loose my line,
And sail for my third in haste ;
For there 's where my mates go shod so fine,
And shoe-money runs to waste.

And my good whole flaps in the salt sea-breeze,
But steady and staunch it sticks,
And the cordage creaks, and the wild winds
wheeze,
While I laugh at the ocean's tricks.

For black as the ace of spades to view,
I am merry as any grig ;
I, first, am the bone and the sinew too
Of the crew of a Swampscott brig.

M

NUMBER 39.

MY first as god in Egypt passed ;
But Leo X. could make it.
In Spring, the wayside brooks my last ;
My whole, a babe could break it ;
One looks so weak and worthless, you
Are really apt to scoff it ;
From many, though, a princess drew
What grew a mighty profit.

S.

NUMBER 40.

A S in a glass
My first doth pass.

From second stout,
The cat will out.

Where thieves do prey,
My whole doth slay.

M.

NUMBER 41.

THE jolly first who manned the boat
Were said to be unruly ;
Less than an inch if they had got,
They 'd take my second truly.
They 'd take ? Their captain said they stole,
And so they said he was my whole.

S.

NUMBER 42.

ANAGRAM.

“ **W**HY — you so ? ” she said.

“ To see your — , ” quoth he.

“ You mourn o’er market — whose head
Should toss as the — free.”

“ The freest floweret droops its head
If choked by — , ” said she.

M.

NUMBER 43.

MY first is a forbear of you and of me ;
My second is slender and fluid and free ;
My whole is when Browning in England would
be.

S.

NUMBER 44.

MY first you always hold before ;
My second is behind ;
My last is always two or more ;
According to my mind,
To use my whole 's an idle trick,
If you are well, 't will make you sick.

S.

NUMBER 45.

WHO AND WHY?

IMPRESSIVE scene, and wondrous strange
and rare !

The greatest Christian nation on the earth
Gathers its peers and chosen leaders there,
Its best of lineage, learning, wealth, and worth.

The massive walls of dark and carven oak
Rise lofty with a stern and solemn gloom,
As if the living words each statesman spoke,
In history's crises, found in them their tomb.

And all is dignity, though words are bold,
As lofty measures and their advocates
Meet strong opponents — wise and self-con-
trolled —
And patriotism and fire fill their debates.

Know ye the scene? Speak then the con-
clave's name.

See! in its midst, condemned among his peers,
Stands one, how clear his eye! how deep his
shame!

Silent and soundless he has stood for years.

Though, close beside him, statelier one than he,
Broader another, one perchance more deep,
There seems no cause why he should silenced
be,

He only voiceless as in deepest sleep.

Ask we yon grand old man; this his reply:

"'Tis thus decreed; to explain concerns me
not.

Thus much I hint — above him seems to lie,

"'Tis scarce a cloud, perchance a speck or
blot."

"Yet history's page shows giants of his name
Who in their day gave rank and place to
kings,

Stood at their side, secured to them their fame;
Enough. Our queen needs not the aid he
brings."

M.

NUMBER 46.

MY first all buyers, first or last, must do ;
My second, ladies, all men do for you.
Unto my third, if you 'll but lend an ear,
'T will make the sort of tone you 'll love to hear,
Or tell you what the story that doth rise
Where sacred walls are builded to the skies.
My whole is just a popular device
To reach the *fin de siècle* in half a trice.

M.

NUMBER 47.

ANAGRAM.

ON the River — my — lay ;
But my neighbour's —, over the way
— it, and owned it as much as I ;
That I was — I need not say,
There was — for him, and so one day
I shot him and —, for I saw him die.

S.

NUMBER 48.

MUCH used by maid, tar, smith, and wright,
Smallest, my first, of useful things.
Small too and lone, my second brings
Triumphant strength to vanquish kings.
My whole, she moves as if with wings ;
Her grace full many a poet sings.
Poetic name ! poetic flight !

M.

NUMBER 49.

OH, the children on the green !
And the games we used to play
In the happy, happy days that are no more !
I can feel the pleasure keen,
Swing my first, hit and away ;
Was there ever boy who ran so fast before ?

Should I for my second live,
Still I never could forget
The old sawmill with its buzz and many a last ;
And the present cannot give
Such delight as when we let
My old first die, underneath the oak-tree vast.

But I must not write a whole
Of the many games we played :
“ On the carpet,” “ Tag,” “ I spy,” and “ Hide
and Seek ; ”
Yet I doubt not, on my soul,
That their charm, now on me laid,
Will abide and make me happy for a week.

S.

NUMBER 50.

MY first, of letters six or four,
Advances culture in our land.
My second may be less or more,
But proves division, made or planned.

In Tubal Cain's warm fireside light,
My peaceful whole grew strong and bright ;
Yet one brave Roman, fierce for fight,
Turned from its touch and took to flight.

M.

NUMBER 51.

I 'M quite far down, and yet a man of wealth
and fame ;

Brutes tell their grief through me, and men by
me exclaim.

I am a drink in France ; and I, an Indian name.

S.

NUMBER 52.

WERE you to fling my first full at my last,
 'T were base abuse of dainty and of sense.
“Second,” my whole doth cry, though forests
 vast

Fill all his view—dark, pathless, and immense.

M.

NUMBER 53.

MY first controls the mighty, though its length
is scarce a span.

My second is yourself, kind reader, friend and
lover.

My last is less than women, though 't is more
than any man.

My whole must have been strong ; it pitched
Noah's ark quite over.

And yet, at Julian's, I have seen a maid
Have a brush with it, not one whit afraid.

S.

NUMBER 54.

MY first is not a "bucket shop,"
Though from it oft men "make a raise ;"
Who looks up through it, at its top,
A sweep, a star, may meet his gaze.

Look straight within it, and how fair
A picture meets thy happy eye ;
A head that 's fern encircled there
Seems leaning from an azure sky.

My second, guerdon of the brave !
I 'm wrung, and thou art, every day,
When to Monopoly's rude slave
So many a second yields thee prey.

Reader, your whole I would assure,
Doubtless you also mine desire.
But envy must we now abjure,
Since others do for both conspire.

M.

NUMBER 55.

OF my estate my first is heir ;
As for my last, upon her hair
A lady fair has worn it.
It sometimes sweeps the river's bed ;
And of my whole a poet said,
The critic should not scorn it.

S.

NUMBER 56.

MY first, a monster of such hideous mien
In Barnum's "moral show" 't is rarely
seen.

Second, Sol's natural note, a guiding word,
Though often dropped, it always falls unheard.

My third, by envious Casca rudely made,
Must, first or last, by rich or poor be paid.
My whole, in proud authority though drest,
Is ever doomed to own a higher behest.

M.

NUMBER 57.

MY first is red as is the rose ;
My second tiny is and thin ;
Beside my third the lilac blows ;
My whole folds many a leaf within,
And greenwood grace is of its kin.

S.

NUMBER 58.

MY first is most indefinite ;
My second vapid, noisy, loud ;
My whole, a leisure, care-free wight,
To ease and travel strictly vowed.

M.

NUMBER 59.

MY first is where I love to stay ;
My last, I do it every day ;
My whole, a genius, such as we
May never hope again to see.

S.

NUMBER 60.

DESCENDED from my stately first,
Strange that a man should manifest,
As poets tell, such haste accurst
As baffled all his eager quest.

Art named, my first, for that pale dross
Our land rejects with bitterness?
Nay, rather be thou green as moss,
Boss-furnished contents of the press.

Great borrower thou, my first, dost fling
My second free to those below thee;
Farmer and hunter, sailor, king,
Waves, thieves, and lovers watch and owe
thee.

To make my second were to jest;
Around the wicked how it glows!
Thy second, gentle first, is best,
No second with such softness flows.

Thy second, lady first, my whole —
(The part and whole for once the same!)
And while the obedient billows roll,
Ride thou in state and feed my flame.

M.

NUMBER 61.

ANAGRAM.

HE — his head, and sware an oath
By his father's — and his mother's troth,
He had had no — for the livelong day ;
'T was no use to — him or say him nay,
So the housewife brought it without delay.

S.

NUMBER 62.

GREAT whole, we hail thee on this day,¹
While many a fair and rounded arm
Moves in my first ; o'er soft hands play
Bright gleams of iridescent charm.

Failing in nicest care and thought,
Men use my second for an inn ;
And by my third the fuel 's bought
For which my whole had never been.

M.

¹ In 1897.

NUMBER 63.

MY first, alas ! is no man's friend ;
My next might well be called my end ;
My last, a foreign count ; the sun
Shines out, and so my whole is done.

S.

NUMBER 64.

FIRST at a chase or at a fire,
A small odd watch, my first, I find.
My second speaks the child's desire,
When by his sire he 's brought to mind.
My third 's a prompt and steady note ;
Upon it many a stock is bought.
My whole is positive, remote
From wavering or uncertain thought.

M.

NUMBER 65.

STRANGE that my last, so fair, so fair,
Should go and tell my first !
And then, alas ! 't was all my whole ;
That seems to me the worst.
Were not the quibble quite so old,
I 'd add, now let my last be told.

S.

NUMBER 66.

MY first, a Scot may greet with hoots
Or otherwise, as temper suits.
My third appeared a pleasant seat
To a summer girl, in wood retreat ;
So down she sat in lively talk
With him who 'd brought her for a walk.
Her fluent chat my whole became ;
But suddenly my second's name
Leaped from her lips, as into sight
A field mouse ventured — hence her flight.

M.

NUMBER 67.

ANAGRAM.

HE will —— to arms at the —— of the drum !
She is —— with fear, and each sense is
numb ;
But her —— is to Heaven, though her lips are
dumb.

S.

NUMBER 68.

MY "furious first " was very mad ;
He dropped a big, big D,
Which to my second-third I add
(Although I know it 's very bad),
To show how angry he.
Second and third another third
Have also, pure and rare,
Where sweetest chants are softly heard,
And softened hearts are sweetly stirred,
Its influence fills the air.
My whole for temple use is meet,
Compact of holy odours sweet.

M.

NUMBER 69.

O NEVER let my first be said by boy or girl !
My second is a girl ; second and third, a
girl ;
My whole's a pale-faced queen, and that's
another girl.

S.

NUMBER 70.

MY first, whene'er the canny Scot has done
it,
Be sure he's lost no bawbee in the change.
With solemn port, and doffed each feathered
bonnet,
See in my last the sturdy clansmen range ;
But should they catch the pibroch from their
highlands,
Or hear the bagpipe's stirring summons drone,
How swift they'd rush ; my whole, among his
islands,
Hearing no voice, would start, even at his own.
M.

NUMBER 71.

THE shaft was measured by my first ;
And when I met the foe accurst,
To bend my last I bent my soul,
And thus it fell I bent my whole.

S.

NUMBER 72.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit my whole (or more, as Shakespeare
saith) ;

Woe worth the bridal feast such guest that finds.
On second, third, and fourth how grand, in death
And demolition, goddess figures stand,
Beheld afar o'er haunted hill and plain,
Historic Hellas, of thy brave old land
That rears to-day its valiant head again.

My first comes from an inn. The next I give
Has foot and root, yet cannot stand alone.
Find out just what third, fourth, and, as I live,
I will indeed be third when you have won.
My whole without delay you'll surely find,
If but my whole come not unto your mind ;
But if your reason no result can reach,
I trust you'll have no whole to check your
speech.

M.

NUMBER 73.

THOUGH to my first he filled the bowl,
My last, the heart he strove to catch ;
While I, who read Fate's blotted scroll,
Knew that my whole would end the match.
S.

NUMBER 74.

BY sailors made, for sailors bred,
My first may be a household pest ;
Used sometimes for a clove, 't is said ;
Trode underfoot, religion's test.

My second, if I had but one,
I 'd go directly on the street
And buy thereon, as oft is done,
Rich jewels, sure my taste to meet.

My second must the plural bear ;
So let us use them as we must ;
For some have feathers, some have hair,
Some bite or pinch — not yours, I trust.

My whole, a science full of rules,
Treats of the camp, the court, the field,
Controls both force and rank, and schools
Its proud disciples ne'er to yield.

M.

NUMBER 75.

I AM my first ; my second 's first ;
I cry, Ho, for my third !
My whole 's a noble Christian knight
Of whom you 've read or heard.

S.

NUMBER 76.

COME out of my whole from Pa, my Lord,
If you want to make serious love to his
daughter ;

He 's up on his first ; and, on my word,
He 's an awful good last with a pail of water,
And he don't love the peerage as well as he
oughter.

M.

NUMBER 77.

ANAGRAM.

OVER my — I draw my —
When I can take a horn ;
And then we use our — all day,
Out in the fields of corn.

S.

NUMBER 78.

AT my whole fu' mony a Scot,
Mony a second gladly got ;
Blithely wad hae tholed my first,
But to smite the foe accurst.

Peacefu' now lives ilka Scot,
Blest wi' first and second hot,
Hears in a' the thirds that run,
Name o' Scotia's songster son ;

Talks o' Bruce and Wallace too,
And the deeds their arms could do ;
On his staff he rests his pow —
Of my whole he 's crackin' now.

M.

NUMBER 79.

MY first in France
Is where folks dance ;
My second fails by half of being tied ;
To have my last,
Poor O. T. askt ;
Fair dames are of my whole the boast and pride.
S.

NUMBER 80.

OH ! a life at sea is the life for me ;
My first it is and ever must be,
So wild and brave, so fierce and free, —
Oh ! a plunging deck is the floor for me.

To the bookman's second I am no friend ;
I never was made o'er a book to bend.
If food and drink my whole Heaven send,
On the sea I love my life shall end.

Let bookworms bore and choke with dust,
And cramp their bones till their muscles rust,
While there 's good salt wind in gale and gust,
'Tis sail the seas I will and must.

Oh ! a life at sea is the life for me ;
My joy it is and ever must be,
So wild and brave, so fierce and free, —
Oh ! a plunging deck is the floor for me.

M.

NUMBER 81.

TOOOHSOME, but thin and bony, is my
first ;

My second naught, round as the gibbous moon ;
The man who sold his whole, poor wretch accurst,

Might never face the sun save at high noon ;
Poor Peter ! death to him had been a boon !

S.

NUMBER 82.

A-SHOPPING in the busy town,
Three ladies lunched upon my first ;
Then vowed the youngest, up and down,
She 'd find that whole, at best or worst.

They found it, but so high it came,
That one declared she should my second ;
The other, who was slightly lame,
Breathed many a last ; each step she reckoned.

In such a first they gained my whole,
Down sank they on the first divan ;
They found refreshment for the soul —
A friend and nature — art and man.

M.

NUMBER 83.

“ O SECOND ! ” swore the imprudent maid,
“ My Damon ! I am first ! ”
While all the third together said
For her their hearts would burst,
Those first, second, third who brought my whole
To cheer the maiden in her dole.

S.

NUMBER 84.

MY first can never keep quite still ;
My second rests when meant to kill ;
My whole 's the unconquerable will.

M.

NUMBER 85.

MY first is false, my second harsh, my third
not quite a grain ;
My whole the wealth of nations, — the wide
world's heart and brain.

S.

NUMBER 86.

ON halting and uneven feet,
My first its burden bears along ;
Thine, O more gifted, glides more fleet,
Rises and soars in flights of song.

My second sounds at mid of day ;
We never hear it in the night.
My third 's a money-box, you say ;
'T is head-gear when pronounced aright.

My whole, in spirit, is allied
To weathercock, or man that shifts ;
But with the tongue 't is most applied
To mark a multitude of gifts.

M.

NUMBER 87.

IF you should first, second and third,
Then bravely sing a last ;
And let no whole, sad or absurd,
A darkling shadow cast.
My pretty first, lift up your head,
And be not of my whole afraid.

S.

NUMBER 88.

MY first is Irish, and 't is Roman too.
My second's also Irish, it is true.
My whole, man's inhumanity to man,
Behold it on my lady's fluttering fan.

M.

NUMBER 89.

A BOTTLE has my first, and I have mine ;
My second is a sailor, bold and jolly ;
My first and second has been deemed divine ;
Not to take ease within my third is folly.
My whole, the daintiest palate well may suit ;
It is a rare but a most luscious fruit.

S.

NUMBER 90.

MILTON, thou should'st be living at this
hour ;

Thou would'st be first to hail that clarion voice
Of noble zeal for England ; would'st rejoice
That he, my whole, can wield such dauntless
power

In blameless life and godly age. His dower
Was length of days and righteousness. His
choice

Was high and holy purpose. Oh, that voice
Would turn the humblest second to a tower,
Arousing, even in flint, the heart to stand
Strong for defence of any noble knight
Who, like great Hellas, girds his loins to fight
For others, scorning hordes of Paynim land.
The Kaiser's boast is his "broad stone of
honour ;"

Britain's great whole, high Heaven conferred
upon her.

M.

MARCH 13, 1897.

NUMBER 91.

“ DEAR whole ! ” the doting father cried,
“ And would you wed with Harry ? ”

“ Oh, second, Father ! ” she replied,

“ I ’ll never, never marry ! ”

But never forth was Harry third ;

’T was first she called him with a word.

And so those wholes, with joy *ad plenum*,

Were wed, with not a third between ’em.

S.

NUMBER 92.

THE SUMMER YOUTH ADDRESSES HIS FIRST.

THOU forward, crimson tipped one,
Why wilt thou go so two?
Hast turned too fondly toward the sun
Which thee, like floweret, drew?

Thy taste in tints is quite too two;
Make me no gaudy chap;
If this thou dost persist to do,
I will revise my cap.

If but I were a lady fair,
Then, suited to each gown,
I 'd have a pretty whole to bear,
Wherein I 'd press thee down.

Alas! thy hue, angry and brave,
Now makes me wipe mine eye,
In injured wonder how to save
Invidious words that lie.

M.

NUMBER 93.

MY first, the very type of change,
Is mighty, moody, wide of range,
Fickle to lovers not a few ;
If I should follow, soft of tone ;
If you, then hard ; not once alone,
But almost always hard with you.

My last, the gift of passing years,
The ancient maiden dreads and fears ;
Hers she may eat, but will not name ;
Yet as the flitting seasons fly
She grows my whole, and you and I,
If not my whole, will suffer blame.

S.

NUMBER 94.

MY first bears many heavy loads,
And curves and bends beneath the strain.
Second and third may pass for roads
Where lions guard the stately fane ;
It gleams about the beauteous bride
And links her to her lover's side.
My whole is gay and loves to twine
Fair garlands, dancing 'neath the vine.

M.

NUMBER 95.

MY first, sweet pet, is ill ; oh, bring a last
Of my most wholesome whole for her
repast.

S.

NUMBER 96

First.

WITH me in hand, unhindered you may go
And choose your clime, from tropic heats
to snow.

In church, in mart, or even in trolley car,
Without my aid how impotent you are !
The merchant sells unwillingly without me,
And still with strident voice his salesfolk flout
me ;

But when within great China's wall I 'm pent,
To tell the truth I am not worth a cent.

Last.

It was at me the hero flung
The brand Excalibur,
And over me he gazing hung,
To see the waters stir.

The arm that flung, put forth from me,
Was clothed in samite fair to see ;

And if you 've learned all this before,
I 'm only this and nothing more.

Whole.

Oh, what so fair in verse and story,
With dews and flowers bepearled ?
What nobler game for hunting foray
Roams elsewhere in the world ?
“ Who has not heard ” — but I 'll not quote ;
Its fame is founded on a goat.

S.

NUMBER 97.

I NEVER can believe my whole,
My first so gentle was and kind ;
As sage as if he'd had a soul ;
No whole more gentle could you find ;
My last 's a libel, to my mind ;
But if my last was ever true
Of noble first, 't is very plain
A duty 't was he had to do,
To guard his friends, and did with pain.

M.

NUMBER 98.

BEFORE my whole I see her stand,
The girl I long to first (she knows) ;
Upon her snow-white last, her hand
Lies like a fresh and sweet pink rose.
Outside my whole, she makes me stay,
And pats my last and rolls away.

M.

NUMBER 99.

First.

ONCE the young bullock on the plain
In untamed freedom wore me ;
Then, through the pathless woods of Maine,
A maiden tramped and tore me.

Last.

A terminal diminutive,
I flourish in the ocean ;
And in its depths I glide and live
Until I win promotion.

Whole.

A Briton in the tropics bred,
Yet half of him is Yankee, —
This genius forging far ahead,
Adored, but slightly cranky.

S.

NUMBER 100.

A ROMAN protector, a hunter's check-rein ;
Combined, they're a gift ; the beginning
of Spain.

M.

NUMBER 101.

'T WAS in a first fair Margaret sat aloft ;
 'T was on a last fell her bewildering smile ;
He dropped the reins, his ragged hat he doffed ;
 The turnpike guardian weakened at her wile ;
Her magic spell could wiser men beguile ;
 It ate its way into his very soul,
 As acid bites that 's hidden in my whole.
S.

NUMBER 102.

THE idle fool
Was whipped at school ;

But little Dick
Ne'er felt the stick.

First always he
Was sure to be.

Be whole he could not ;
Do last he would not.

Devoutly raised,
Not over-praised,

New England whole
Nurtured his soul.

M.

NUMBER 103.

MANY a first and many a tear
We give to thee, my whole !
To us, to Cupid, thou art dear,
Our life, our very soul !
Unbar thy heart at his command !
He holds its second in his hand.

S.

NUMBER 104.

First.

WITH snow-white wing it skims and flies
Above the white wave's crest.

Second.

A plan book-makers most advise,
Quick profits being best.

Whole.

A tall gaunt shape of ghastly gloom ;
Failure's last, fatal scene.
Reader and judge, lay not such doom
On this our Guess Book Green !

M.



If on the fold you like not to infringe, Cut here with shears, and leave the fold for hinge.

THE EPITAPH.

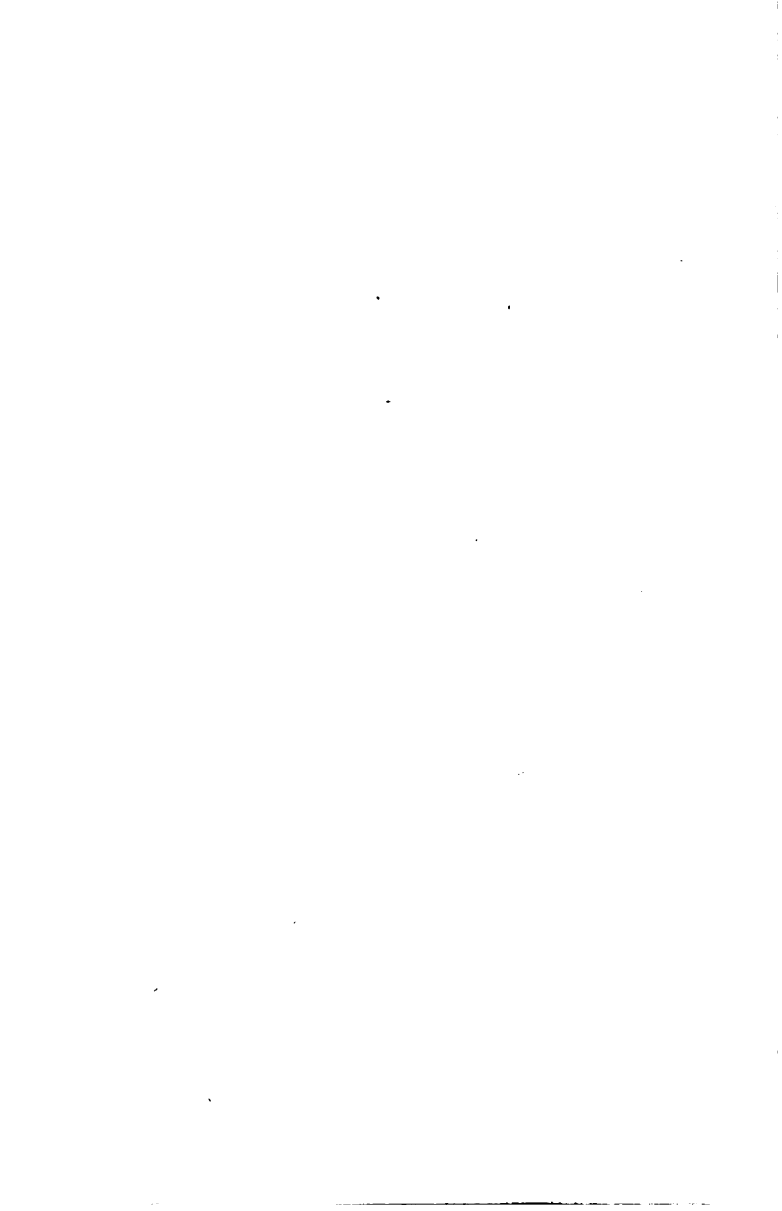
HERE rests, at last, concealed by kindly leaves,
The skeleton of each o'er-vexed charade.
Reader, if musing o'er them pleasure gives,
(Each with its simple sells so fondly laid),

Seek not these folded pages to unclose,
Nor draw their buried secrets forth to light;
More sharp than paper-knife, your keen wit
shows;
You'll need no key to prove your answers
right.

Nor, guessers proud, impute to those a fault
Who weary at the thought of things for
guessing;
They too love jest, if it be Attic Salt;
To them we give our shining blades—and
blessing.

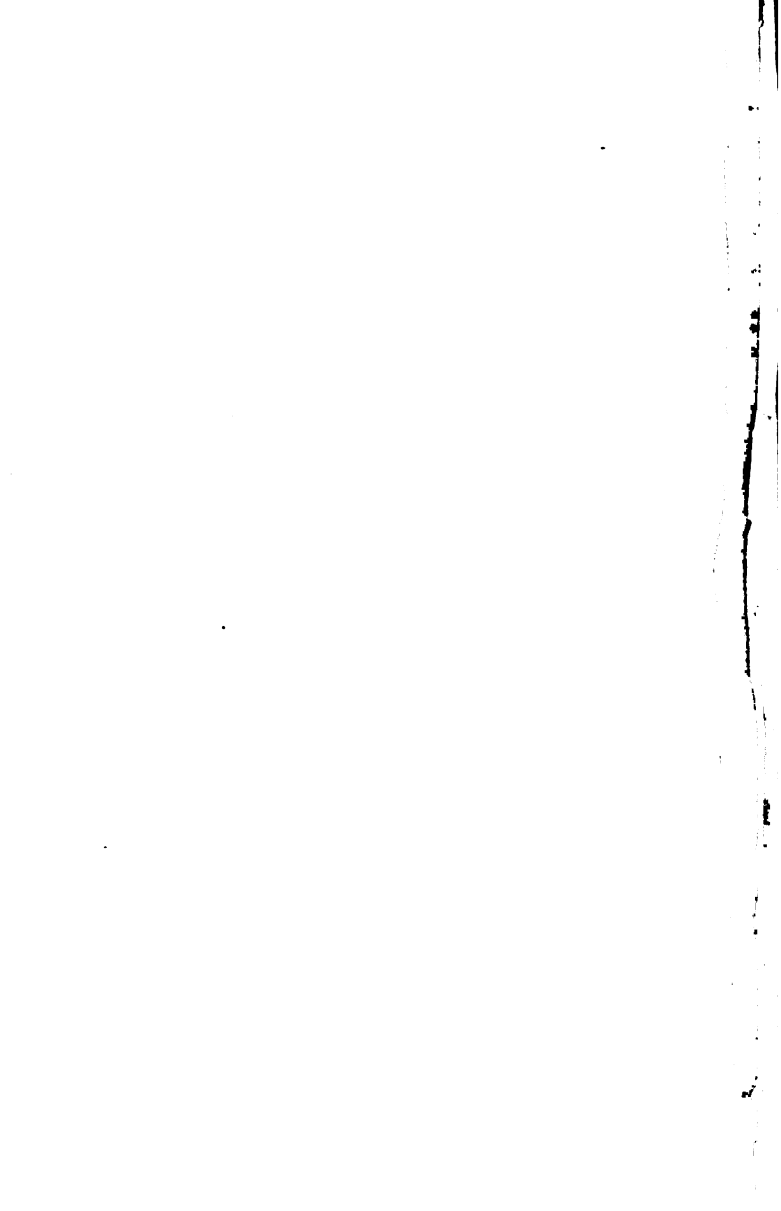
Large though our liberty, we've little guile.
Reader, our recompense thou'lt largely send
If thou'lt vouchsafe ('t is all we seek) a smile;
If we but find thee (all we ask) a friend.

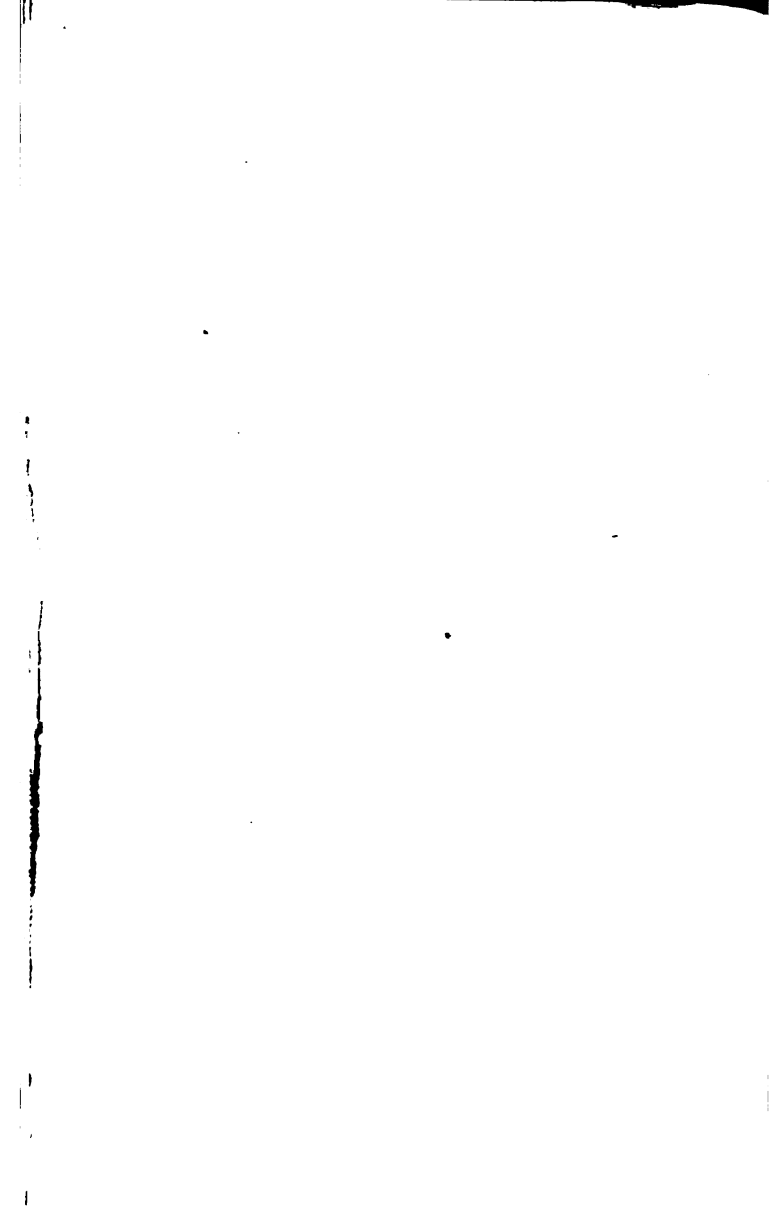
*Cut not this fold, for if you do,
The answers will appear to you.*

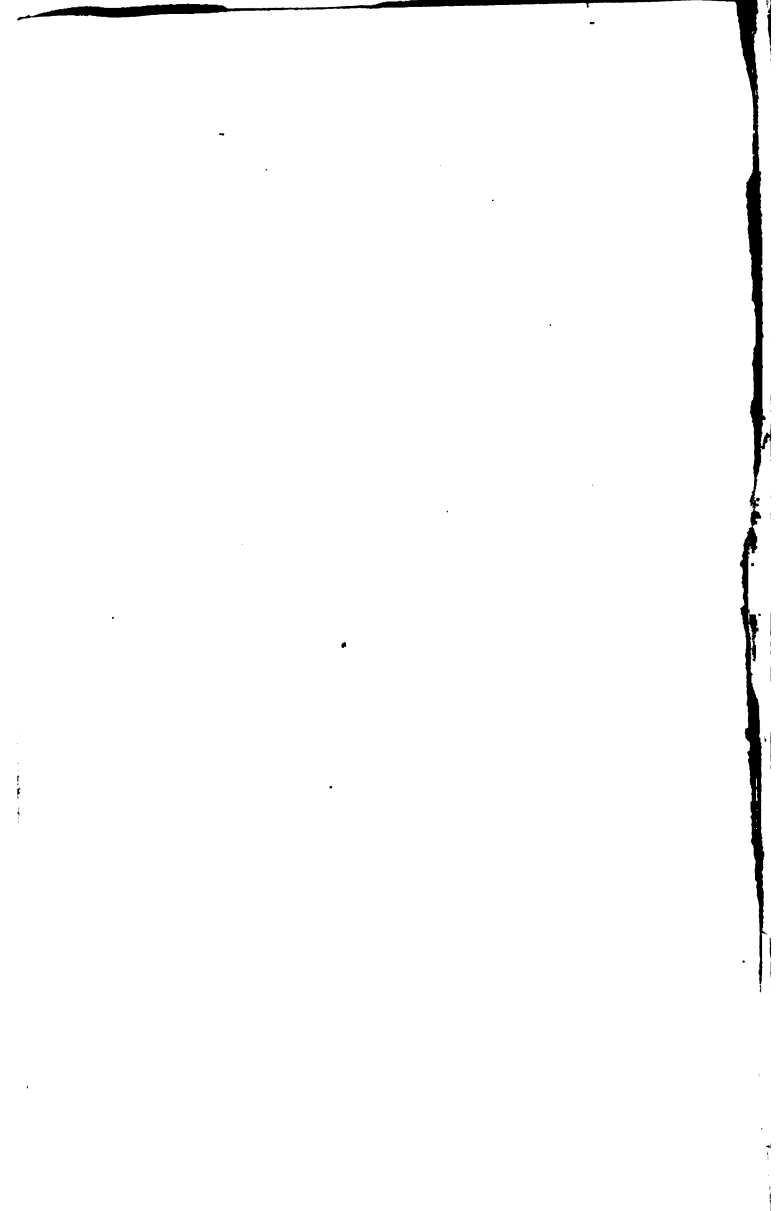


THE ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Passage. | 37. Company. | 68. Frankincense. |
| 2. Boycot. | 38. Tarpaulin. | 69. Diana. |
| 3. Chinchilla. | 39. Bulrush. | 70. Selkirk. |
| 4. Palanquin. | 40. Sand-bag. | 71. Elbow. |
| 5. Pious. | 41. Cruel. | 72. Impediment. |
| 6. Broom-corn. | 42. Stare, tears, | 73. Brimstone. |
| 7. Mistletoe. | rates, aster, | 74. Tactics. |
| 8. Tyro. | tares. | 75. Ivanhoe. |
| 9. Waverley. | 43. April. | 76. Earshot. |
| 10. Habit. | 44. Tobacco. | 77. Hose, shoe, |
| 11. Rain. | 45. The silent ; in | hoes. |
| 12. Armadillo. | Parliament. | 78. Bannockburn. |
| 13. Io. | 46. Bicycle. | 79. Baltimore. |
| 14. Curry. | 47. Grande, garden, | 80. Galore. |
| 15. Exchange. | ranged, anger'd, | 81. Shadow. |
| 16. Smack. | danger, graned. | 82. Studio. |
| 17. Caper. | 48. Pinnacle. | 83. Cyclamen. |
| 18. Pilgrim. | 49. Catalogue. | 84. Shakespeare. |
| 19. Headstrong. | 50. Ploughshare. | 85. Library. |
| 20. Bedlam. | 51. Low. | 86. Versatile. |
| 21. Bay. | 52. Pioneer. | 87. Misfortune. |
| 22. Potent. | 53. Bitumen. | 88. Bull-fight. |
| 23. Labial. | 54. Welfare. | 89. Nectarine. |
| 24. Human. | 55. Sonnet. | 90. Gladstone. |
| 25. Charade. | 56. Vicegerent. | 91. Innocent. |
| 26. Noyes. | 57. Lippincott. | 92. Nosegay. |
| 27. Castanet. | 58. Vagrant. | 93. Sedate. |
| 28. Chronometer. | 59. Homer. | 94. Bacchanal. |
| 29. River. | 60. Moonlight. | 95. Catnip. |
| 30. Treaty. | 61. Bared, beard, | 96. Cashmere. |
| 31. Merchant. | bread, debar. | 97. Rabbit. |
| 32. Mates, steam, | 62. Washington. | 98. Window. |
| teams, meats, | 63. Photograph. | 99. Kipling. |
| tames. | 64. Dogmatic. | 100. Largess. |
| 33. Brant. | 65. Libel. | 101. Carboy. |
| 34. Demijohn. | 66. Monologue. | 102. Primer. |
| 35. Socrates. | 67. Leap, peal, | 103. Psyche. |
| 36. Crackshot. | pale, plea. | 104. Gibbet. |







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